THE CADIZ SENTINEL.

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POETRY.

Written for the Cadiz Sentinel.

THE SCEPTIC'S TASK.

BY THE LEYDEN BARD.

Go, sceptic, go, a voice mysterious calls,
At evening's silent hour from afar,
That courts thy presence at a bounteous feast,
Go, muse upon the wonder-moving scene;
Behold the picture in the view displayed;
Give ear profound, and list whilst Nature speaks.
See'st thou the setting sun? How beautiful
The red horizon in its grandeur glows!
What varied hues of pink and purple cast
Along the cloudless arch of yon blue sky;
Its wide expanse spread o'er the slumb'ring hills,
Tinged with an eth'ry cast of molten gold!
See how the broad horizon's fading blue,
Slowly beyond the mountain's brow recedes,
And disapppears beneath the gorgeous veil
Of crimson drapery. Fainter it glows,
And fainter still the eyrie dome becomes,
Till shadows grey, perceptible, apace,
Steal o'er a silent, and drudge-weary world.
How come these changes–where the vast machine
That moves at will, with such precision too,
This harmony of scenery around?
Feel'st thou the twilight? How its mellow shades
Come creeping with their soft and zeph'ry chill;
Whilst all the warmth, and sultry stifling heat,
Which lingered yet behind the vanishing sun,
Is scouted, and replaced with freshness sweet.
Another change—mark thou the changes well.
Hear'st thou yon brook? How by the mountain's base
It murmurs through bough-spring arches green,
Where solitude in noonday shadows reigns,
And silence hovers through the watch of night.
What melody floats in its mournful voice!
The heart its sympathies must needs unfold
To that sweet pathos which salutes the ear;
And with its echoes oft a "God speed" send,
As downward through the lovely glen they glide,
And die upon the distant neighb'ring hills.
Hear'st thou yon bird? Throughout the day he slept,
But now he fills the forest far and wide
With the shrill music of his mournful song.
Why sing when all his compeers are at rest?
Why sang he not with them in shady groves,
At morning, or the noontide's sultry hour?
Is his to theirs a far superior song
That now alone his chantings must be heard?
Mark that bird well; for some mysterious thing
Has taught him this—a hidden master hand
Must thus have formed him for such duty rare.
Behold'st yon star? How brilliantly it shines
Alone within that arch of darkest blue!
Twinkling, and sparkling, lo! it glitters there
As though a vast array of costly gems
Had all concentred in one lovely spot,
Which brighter flashed the darker darkness grew.
Who placed it there? Came it by chance to grace
The clear curtain twilight left behind?
Came it by accident so happ'ly there?
And what presumptuous hand the glory seeks
Of sending forth that lovely, lovely star?
See'st thou the moon? How lovely she ascends
The distant summit of the eastern hill!
See on the smooth still lake, and placid streams
The rolling fountains, and the glassy rills,
She bathes the bright reflection of her beams.
Behold her too upon the cliff-walled shore
How sweetly on old ocean's face she smiles!
The queen of night, clad in her fair costume,
Now down upon her toilet mirror looks
With modest glance, and wild absorbing grace,
As though apprized of all her envied charms!
See the reflection! Oh how beautiful
Are all the sparkling splendors of the night!
Feel'st thou her power? What hand so largely fill'd
Could give away prerogatives like these—
To charm and awe—to melt and soothe the soul?
Do'st wonder now?—what simple wonder this!

* * * * *

Grasp, grasp the book; glide slowly o'er the page;
Read slowly on: read once, then read again;
And realize the truth thou'st long despised,
That nature's works bespeak an AUTHOR great?
Go, sceptic, go, let wisdom be thy guide;
She can conduct thee to the font of Truth.
She points afar to that eternal spring,
Whose draughts the drooping spirit can revive—
Can make sin tremble—stagger unbelief—
Dispel rash doubt, and banish fell despair—
Fill the cold bosom with inspiring faith—
Bring back the unbeliever to the fold;
And force the wily sceptic to confess
That man's immortal, and THERE IS A GOD!

Pittsburgh, Pa.

PROLIFIC.

The Louisville Democrat of the 26th instant says: "On yesterday, an emigrating party passed through our city, consisting of father, mother and *twenty* children. The parents appeared to be about forty-five years of age; the eldest child and the *three* youngest six or eight months only. They were travelling in true pedestrian style; the sire leading *bose*, the dame superintending the interesting group, while three of the eldest daughters were carrying each one of the babies. Their destination we did not learn, but think it not improbable the old man is about settling a colony in Oregon.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

THE DEFEATED ONE.

OR IT'S NOTHING WHEN YOU'RE USED TO IT.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

It certainly makes a great difference, when you are used to it. Every body knows—for the phrase has become proverbial—that it is 'nothing when you are used to it,' whatever it may be. By the process of habitude, the disagreeable loses its poignancy, and pleasure fails in its delight. Familiarity so domesticates the occurrence, that at length, as a matter of course, it passes without note. A child is happy with its new shoes in the morning; but before the afternoon arrives the poetry of leather has evaporated. Millinery, when worn for the first time, has its blisses; and there is ecstacy in furniture, when it has just come home. But the tendency is always to a level. Gratification has no endurance in it; and the same is true of our sorrows. It is said, indeed, that Mithridates had so accustomed himself to the swallowing of poisons, that 'malice domestic' could not dispose of him by a resort to drugs and chemicals. A prescription, no matter how 'carefully compounded,' disturbed not the physical organization of this cunning one of Pontus. He was doctor-proof—impregnable to apothecaries, and triumphing over pharmacy, by dint of being 'used to it.' And then, again, when people are used to us, how depreciating is the effect. The most impressive and majestic presence is soon unnoticed. Instead of inspiring awe and reverence at home, people about the house do not hesitate to tell sublimity himself, that they did not know he was there—that they thought he had gone out, or that they were not aware that he had come in. It was not so at first; but one may get used even to the terrific.

Observe, moreover, when you have cause for being coy to invitation—when you are not in costume, or look haggard for need of the razor—yet are pressed to 'come in,' under assurance that 'nobody is there.' How often does it happen, by the agency of use, that this 'nobody,' is the husband or the wife—'nobody,' perhaps, to each other; but still a considerable somebody to you. The unshaven gentleman, to his much annoyance and exceeding embarrassment, is entrapped into rooms quite full of 'nobody,' and, like the incautious Braddock, falls by ambush. Always ask who 'nobody' is, when told that 'nobody's there;' and inquire how many people constitute 'nobody,' in that family. Dozens become 'nobody' by being used to them.

The world is right, then; there is nothing like being 'used to it.' The Asiatic devotee slept soundly on the jagged surface or an iron bed, until tenpenny nails were more soothing and delightful to him than the softest feathers. With a choice of pillows, he would have selected a stovepipe to repose his cheek. And Othello's 'flinty and steel couch of war' was to him a 'thrice driven bed of down.'

It may be, however, that people in general regard political defeat, especially if the individual himself chances to be on the 'returns,' among the killed and wounded, as not exactly coming under the head of the entertaining; but other people know—we know—that even this is nothing when we are used to it. Here, as elsewhere, 'the hand of least employment hath the daintier sense.' And then, the freedom from every trammel which it involves. Bless thee, friend, one walks home, after such a disaster, with not the shadow of a real care upon his mind. Whatever of sorrow he may suppose himself to have, it is but a grief from the storehouse of imagination. He is exempt from all solicitude. He can betake himself with confidence to bed. A minority slumber is but rarely disturbed by the roaring shouts of a torch-light procession.

It is not expected that he should shiveringly arise at two o'clock in the morning, to make thankful speeches for the honor which has been done to him, or to invite Tom, Dick, and Harry, to come in and soil his carpets and drink his wine. He can take his meals, and read the 'returns' in quiet, unannoyed by either bell or knocker. He is not required to give 'cold cut,' previously given to him at the polls. When he walks forth, his way through the streets is clear and unembarrassed.—Nobody squeezes his hand and asks for his influence. He is not obliged to perplex his brain for the coinage of piquant replies, in answer to flat and wearisome compliment. Success must smile; but defeat may indulge in his humor.

And then, what cares he for securities? He is safe enough in himself His affairs, too may stand as they are—no winding up and packing up; no changes to disturb his household goods, or to distress his adhesiveness. No winter in Washington or sojourn at Harrisburgh, to be provided for; no perplexities about other people's business; no cogitations about how to remain popular, and how to satisfy all the world and the world's wife. He who is defeated, may think as he pleases, say what he pleases, go where he pleases, and wear what he pleases. He is neither compelled to have opinions nor to 'define positions.' He has no dignity to support, pinch him under the arms, and rendering him as uncomfortable as an unaccustomed coat; and whether he is aristocratic in his deportment or otherwise, nobody knows and nobody cares.

Who, then, let us ask, who would not be a defeated candidate? Who would not be, like Jaffier, 'in love and pleased with ruin?' It is for the 'constituency' to repent of blunders, not for him the free, the untrammelled, the independent, the unvoted for. If the affairs of the republic go wrong, let others weep—'thou canst not say I did it.'

But the gentleman whose potrait is given above (the Gazette has an apt and *happy* wood *cut* of the 'Defeated One,' in an attitude before his *glass*,) shows by the fierceness of his expression, that he, at least, has not yet learned the philosophy of politics. Halting before the mirror, from his hasty traaversers about the apartment, he exchanges scowl for scowl with his image, as if disposed to divide himself and go to buffets. He would also see whether he is mistaken in the merits of the man, who had been presented for suffrage, and had been denied. But he can discover no change—no falling off, and his wrath increases. It is plain, alas, that Stentor Stubbs is not used to it; and that he is as yet unable to take that philanthropic view of the case, which would tell that if he had been successful, the other side must perforce have been sad. A certain amount of sadness is inevitable. If you listen carefully, each hurrah has its countervailing groan; and the benevolent man whose luck it is—whether good or bad, we shall not now undertake to decide—not to be elected, might do much towards consoling himself, by reflecting upon the happiness derived by others from his mischance. Ought we not—let the query be pondered—ought we not, in the transcendentalism of our humanity, to desire defeat for this very purpose? What a triumph ever selfishness, to be able to say: "'Twas I that made 'em crow—but for my imperfect running, they would now have been in tears!'

Stentor Stubbs, however, in the first flushes of his disappointment, carried on the war differently, from not generalizing enough. When the result was ascertained, Stentor Stubbs hammered his hat upon his brow, as if, unlike Patrick Henry, he was determined never again to 'bow to the majesty of the people.' It seemed as if it were proposed that his hat should be from this time forth, installed as a fixture—Stubbs and his hat, 'one and indivisible.' Stubbs buttoned his coat clear up to his chin, with an air that told plainer than words could speak, that his charities were hereafter to remain at home, and that all popular avenues to his heart were closed, now and forever, with "No Admittance," chalked over the door—"No Admittance, except on business," to the bosom of Stentor Stubbs. He took his defeat, as the inexperienced are apt to take such things—as a personal matter. Not being used to it, he felt affronted. He thought that he had been 'made game' of. To be 'game' of your own accord, is an honor; but to imagine that other folks are 'making game' of you, is productive of an unpleasant sensation, when you are not exactly used to it.

'Don't go Stubbs,' said a brother politician, as he puffed his segar; 'wait for the full returns. I want to know how much you're defeated; cause I made a bet that you couldn't come it. Then, there's the rest of the ticket—'

'The furies take the rest of the ticket,' ejaculated Stubbs, as he pushed through the crowd and strode indignantly along; 'I'll smash a chair over the table—I'll jam my stick right through the window—I'll dance on the top of the tea things. Not elected! Don't let any body ever try to speak to me again, if they don't want to ketch it. But if they have any thing to say, now's the time. There's the watchman—what does he mean by brawling so, as if the whole town didn't know what o'clock it is? I've a great mind to—yes; if he wasn't so big, I would—and if I do come across a little one, I'll shake Charley all to pieces, this very night. I'll commit justifiable homicide.'

'Ha! Ha!' laughed Stubbs hysterically, 'if Mrs. Stubbs is up yet, she's got to hear of it. I'll give her a bit of my mind. Why did she let me take a nomination? She told me not, I know, but I do believe she told me so only to make me take it—to aggravate me into taking it. If she had advised me to take it, she knows I wouldn't; nothing but contrariness in these women. It's all her fault—it's always her fault—somebody else is continually getting me into a scrape.'

'And then,' added Stubbs, savagely, 'when I've done correcting the old woman, there's got to be a spankade. I'll rouse out every one of the children. I'll spank 'em till I'm tired, and do a father's duty by them. They've been neglected the whole of this campaign, and I'll begin to be paternal, right off the reel.'

'Well,' continued Stubbs, in a softened tone; 'there's always a comfort for married folks. There's somebody at home that you can blow up when you've a mind to, and they can't help themselves. Strangers won't take it when you feel sassy; but it is the bounden duty of Mrs. Stubbs to listen and not to throw things at me. Every body isn't liable to slappage; but it it's never lost on the little Stubbs—if it isn't due now they can take it on account. Ah, domestic felicity is one of the greatest things that ever was found out, especially when you're not elected. Home, sweet home—one can have a row at home, and it's nobody's business but your own.'

'There's one thing certain, at any rate,' said Stubbs on the following morning, as he poked the newspapers with their election returns, into the stove; 'I've done with politics. I don't like being called kangaroo, and cannibal, and all sorts of hard names. I've been peppered quite enough for one while in that way. And another thing—I'm tired of forking out for other people's amusement. When a man's 'on the ticket,' as they call it, he is *pro bono publico*—the public bone every thing he's got. Money—oh, yes—money for processions, money for flags, money for meetings, money for dockyments, money for newspapers—money money all the time. But that's not enough, if you're 'on the ticket,' you must work like a horse besides—run round the town, and scamper over the country—get up early, and go to bed late, and never get no dinner—have to keep cold potatoes in your pocket, and eat 'em as you go. Ketch one bad cold atop of the other bad cold, till you're as hoarse as the man with an oystercart, of a rainy night. And then, when you feel bad yourself about it, you mustn't let on that you feel bad, but tell whoppers to keep up their spirits. And at last, when your pockets are empty; when you're as lean as a greyhound, and croak like a raven—when your business is gone to rack and ruin, why then—you're not elected, and are set down as used up. That's the finish.

'I've had a talk with Mrs. Stubbs about it—we've made up—and now I am going to elect myself to the office of minding my own affairs, and looking after my own shop. Me and Mrs. Stubbs are the United States, and I am to be President thereof. The children are to be the people,—they are the *vox populi*, and are to hurrah and vote for me at every election. Our candle light procession shall be up and down stairs—we'll have a town meeting every day at dinner and find our own loaves and fishes. 'Pon my word, now that me and Mrs. Stubbs have concluded not to have hard words any more, if I don't begin to think that to be beaten in an election, is sometimes just about the best thing that could happen to a fellow. It sort of settles him down—puts notions out of his head—makes him sleep without dreaming, and sends him about his business. I feel all the better of it already.—And the little Stubbses shall have a cent a piece all round, this very afternoon.'

FILIAL LOVE.—It is mentioned by Miss Pardoe, that a "beautiful feature in the character of the Turks is reverence for the mother. Their wives may advise or reprimand unheeded, but their mother is an oracle, consulted, confided in listened to with respect, or with deference honored, to the latest hour, and remembered with affection and regard even beyond the grave."—"Wives may die," say they, "and we can replace them; children may perish, and others may be born to us; but who shall restore the mother when she passes away, and is seen no more!"

VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Addressed to one of the Literary Associations of Baltimore.

The first and almost the only book deserving such universal recommendation, *is the Bible*—and in recommending that, I fear some of you will think I am performing a superfluous, and others, a very unnecessary office—yet such is my deliberate opinion. The Bible is the book of all others to be read at all ages and in all conditions of human life; not to be read once or twice or thrice through, and then to be laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters, every day, and never to be intermitted, unless by some overruling necessity.

This attentive and repeated reading of the Bible in small portions, every day, leads the mind to habitual meditation upon subjects of the highest interest to the welfare of the individual in this world, as well as to prepare him for that hereafter to which we are all destined. It furnishes rules of action for our conduct towards others in our social relations. In the commandments delivered from Sinai, in the inimitable sublimity of the Psalms and of the Prophets, in the profound and concentrated observation of human life and manners embodied in the Proverbs of Solomon, in the Philosophical allegory so beautifully set forth in the narrative of facts, whether real or imaginary, of the Book of Job, an active mind cannot peruse a single chapter and lay aside the book to think, and take it up again to-morrow, without finding in it, advice for our own conduct, which we may turn to useful account in the progress of our daily pilgrimage upon earth—and when we pass from the Old Testament to the New, we meet at once a system of universal morality, founded upon one precept of universal application, pointing us to peace and good will towards the whole race of man for this life, and to peace with God, and an ever blessed existence hereafter.

My friends, if all or any of you have spiritual pastors to guide you in the paths of salvation, do not imagine that I am encroaching upon the field of their appropriate services:—I spake as a man of the world, and I say to you, Search the Scriptures! If ever you tire of them in seeking for a rule of faith and Standard of morals, search them as records of History. General and compendous history is one of the fountains of human knowledge to which you should all resort with steady and preserving pursuit. The Bible contains the only authentic introduction to the history of the world; and in storing your minds with the facts of this history, you will immediately perceive the need of assistance from Geography and Chronology. These assistants you may find in many of the Bibles with commentaries, and you can have no difficulty in procuring them. Acquaint yourselves with the Chronology and Geography of the Bible—that will lead you to a general knowledge respecting the globe which you inhabit, and respecting the race of man, its inhabitants to which you yourself belong. You may pursue these inquiries just so far as your time and inclination will permit. Give one hour of mental application, (for you must not read without thinking or you will read to little purpose,) give an hour of joint reading and thought to the Chronology, and one to the Geography of the Bible, and if it introduces you to a hard study, stop there. Even for those two hours, you will ever after read the Bible, and every other history, with more fruit, more intelligence, and more satisfaction. But if those two hours excite your curiosity, and tempt you to devote part of an hour every day for a year or years, to study thoroughly the Chronology and Geography of the Bible, it will not only lead you far deeper than you will otherwise ever penetrate into the knowledge of the book, but it will shed floods of light upon every step you shall ever afterwards take in acquiring the knowledge of profane history, and upon the local habitation of every tribe of man, and upon the name of every nation into which the children of Adam have been dividided.

A GOOD STORY.

Major Noah of the New York Messenger tells the following:

In Ireland a warming pan is called a friar. Not many years ago, an unsophisticated girl took service in a hotel in the town of——. Poor thing, she had never heard of a warming pan in her life, though she regularly confessed to a friar once a year. It so happened on a cold drizzly night, that a priest took lodgings in the Inn. He had travelled far, and being weary retired at an early hour.—Soon after, the mistress of the house called the servant girl

"Betty put the friar in No 6."

Up went Betty to the poor priest.

"Your reverence must go into No. 6, my mistress says."

"How, what?" asked he, annoyed at being disturbed.

There was no help for it, and the priest arose, donned a gown, and went into No. 6. In about fifteen minutes the mistress called to Betty.

"Put the friar into No. 4."

Betty said something about disturbing his reverence, which her mistress did not understand. So she told the girl in a sharp manner to do always as she was directed, and she would always do right. Up went Betty, and the unhappy Priest, despite his angry protestations, was obliged to turn out of No. 6. and go into No. 4. But a little time had elapsed ere the girl was told to put the friar into No. 8; thinking every body was mad in the house, and sturdily resolved to quit it the next morning, crept between the damp sheets of No. 8.—But he was to enjoy no peace there. Betty was again directed to put the friar into No. 3, and with tears in her eyes she obeyed.—In about an hour the landlady concluded to go to bed herself, and the friar was ordered into her room. Wondering what it all meant, Betty roused up the priest, and told him he must go to No. 14. The monk crossed himself, counted his beads, and went into No 14. It so happened that the husband of the landlady was troubled with the green-eyed monster. Going up to bed, therefore, before his wife, his suspicions were confirmed by seeing between his own sheets a man sound asleep. To rouse the sleeper and kick him into the street, was the work of a moment; nor was the mistake explained until the next day, when the priest informed the inn-keeper what outrages had been committed upon him, and he learned to his amazement, that he had been serving the whole night as a WARMING-PAN.

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

WON'T TAKE TWENTY DOLLARS.

Some waggish students at Yale College, a few years since, were regaling themselves one evening at the Tontine, when an old farmer from the country entered the room, (taking it for a bar-room,) and inquired if he could obtain lodging there. The old fellow who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests, but quietly taking off his hat, and telling a worthless little dog he had with him, to lie under the chair, he took a glass of proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected sympathy, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes regarding his farm, stock, &c.

"Do you belong to the church?" asked one of the wags.

"Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me."

"Well, I suppose you would not tell a lie?" replied the student.

"Not for the world."

"Now, what will you take for that dog?" pointing to the farmer's cur, which was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

"I won't take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars! why he is not worth twenty cents."

"Well, I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him."

"Come, my friend, said the student, who with his companions was bent on having some capital fun with the old man, "now you say you won't tell a lie for the world—let me see if you will do it for twenty dollars. I will give you twenty dollars for your dog."

"I'll not take it."

"You will not! Here, let me see if this will not tempt you to lie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he commenced counting numerous small piles upon the table. The farmer was sitting by the table with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned.

"There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars, all in silver—I will give you that for your dog."

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then as quick as thought scraped all the money into it except one half dollar, and then exclaimed,

"I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth—he is your property!"

A tremendous laugh from his fellow students, showed the would-be-wag that he was completely "rowed up," and that he need not look for help from that quarter—so he good naturedly acknowledged himself beat. The student retained his dog, which he keeps to this day, as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he tried to wheedle a Yankee farmer.—*Yale Literary Magazine.*

DICTIONARY.

We find the following new definitions of several words in our language, not to be found in Webster's Dictionary:

PHILOSOPHY—Experimental philosophy—asking a man to lend you money. Moral philosophy—refusing to do it.

HARD TIMES—Sitting on a cold grindstone reading the President's Message.

LOVE—A little word within itself, intimately connected with shovel and tongs.

PROGRESS OF TIME—A pedler going through the land with wooden clocks.

GENTEEL SOCIETY—A place where the rake is honored, and the moralist condemned.

POETRY.—A bottle of ink sprinkled over a sheet of foolscap.

RIGID JUSTICE—Juror on a murderer case fast asleep.

FRIEND—One who takes your money, and then cuts your acquaintance.

PATRIOT—A man who has neither property nor reputation to lose.

HONESTY—Obsolete; a term formerly used in case of a man who had paid for his newspaper and the coat on his back.

INDEPENDENCE.—Owing fifty thousand dollars which you never intend to pay.

LOVELY WOMAN—An article manufactured by milliners and dress-makers:

"Who wants but little here below,
And wants that little for a show."

A Real Gentleman.

He never dresses in the extreme of fashion but avoids singularity in his person or habits.

He is affable with his equals, and pleasant and attentive to his inferiors.

In conversation he avoids hasty, ill-tempered, or insulting remarks.

He pays punctually for his newspapers.

He never pries into another person's affairs.

He detests eves-dropping as among the most detestable of crimes.

He never slanders an acquaintance.

He never, under any circumstances, speaks ill of a woman.

He never *cuts* an acquaintance with one who has met with a reverse of fortune; and

He always pays the postage on his letters of business!

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—Being in church one Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring a seat, a young lady who perceived him, kindly made room for him in her pew. The sermon was upon the terrors denounced by the Scriptures upon sinners, and the preacher quoted several passages to enforce his point, to which the lady seemed particularly attentive, and somewhat agitated. Burns, on perceiving this, wrote with a pencil on the leaf of her Bible, the following lines:

"Fair maid, you need not take the hint
Nor idle texts pursue—
'Twas only sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you."

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—As this is the season for buckwheat cakes, the following recipe will at this time be valuable to those who are fond of them; a friend, who has tried the experiment, says it makes decidedly better cakes, with half the trouble necessary in the usual mode of raising them with yeast. To three pints of buckwheat flower, mixed into a batter, add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in water; add one ditto of tartaric acid, dissolved in like manner; first apply the carbonate, stir the batter well, and then put in the acid; thus the use of yeast is entirely superseded, and cakes "as light as a feather" are insured. One great advantage is, that the batter is ready for baking as soon as it is made.—*Columbia Spy.*

GATHERINGS.

"He was at a great feast and picked up all the scraps."

APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.—James J. Wright, of Ohio, to be Consul of the United States for the port Sant Iago de Cuba, in the place of Michael Mahon, deceased.

SUDDEN DEATH.—The Trenton Sheet Anchor announces the sudden and unexpected dicease of Col. Kline, of Trenton, President of the Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Bank. He was seized on Friday, about noon, with an aceplectic fit, while reading a newspaper, in the Indian Queen Hotel, and expired in a few minutes.

REMARKABLE FECUNDITY.—It is said by "the papers" that a young wife at Lowell, Mass., has presented her husband with five children in eleven months! An editor asks, "who can beat that?" He might ask, who would wish to beat it?

DEATH IN THE PULPIT.—The Rev. Wilson Conner, a Baptist minister in Georgia, fell dead in the pulpit, on the fifth Sabbath in June last, after preaching from these words—"Verily, verily I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live."

IN THE MARKET.—A fine bust of Henry Clay, executed by Greenough for the Hon. J. M. White, at a cost of $1,100, was last week up for public raffle, in New Orleans, at $10 a chance!

SINGULAR AFFAIR.—At Massat, in France, on the 20th ult., two females, mother and daughter, were each delivered of a male child within two minutes of each other. The babies were put into one cradle whilst the mothers were attended to, and the result was an impossibility to distinguish which was the uncle and which the nephew.

LAMARTINE, the French author, has concluded a contract with a Parisian publisher, by which he has disposed of the copy right of his collected works for the sum of 450,000 francs. Among them are eight volumes hitherto unpublished, consisting of the "History of the Girondists" and the tragedy of "Toussant l'Ouverture."

AN EXTENSIVE ORCHARD.—Mr. Pell, of Ulster county, N. Y., has an orchard of twenty thousand trees, bearing the Newton pippin.

THANKSGIVING.—Governor Barry has appointed the 28th ultimo, as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise in Michigan.

GOV. BOUCK has issued an official proclamation, recommending Thursday, the 12th instant, to be observed throughout the State of N. York as a day of public Prayer, Praise and Thanksgiving.

JACK DOWNING says: "There is nothing that greases the wheels of business like newspaper advertising. Bear's ile ain't a touch to it."

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—The theatre of the ancient city of Parma has been discovered at a considerable depth in the earth, and in a remarkable state of preservation. The government has ordered researches to be made, and has purchased several houses which stand in the way of the operation.

WHITE HOUSE.—Among other consequences of the election of Mr. Polk, it is said, will be to locate in the White House at Washington the handsomest and perhaps the most accomplished lady that ever presided in its stately halls. Mrs. P. has for some years been remarkable not only for personal beauty, but for that greater charm, graceful manners and a highly cultivated mind.

CILLEY'S TOWN.—In Thomastown, Maine, the home of the lamented Cilley, where Robinson received 432 votes, Clay has but 285! An emphatic expression of opinion by the whig citizens of that town in relation to Mr. Clay's criminal connection with the death of their representative.

A man without legs was carried to the polls here, or in New York, lately. The N. Orleans Picayune says he was not a *leg*-al voter. Why? Because he was not a romancer. Because he had no *leg ends* to exhibit.—*Phil. Gazette.*

FORGIVENESS.—A deaf and dumb person being asked "What is forgiveness?" took a pencil and wrote a reply, containing a volume of the most exquisite and deep truth, in these words: "It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled upon."

The Liberty party of Pittsburgh have nominated David Gilleland, Esq., as their candidate for the Mayoralty of that city.

THE COON COME DOWN.—"——— Is your name Polk?" "Yes." James Polk?" "Yes." "James K. Polk?" "Yes." "James K. Polk of Tennessee?" "Yes." "President of the United States elect?" "Yes."—"Well, then, I'll come down, I am a gone coon."

PRETTY GOOD.—An Irish travelling merchant, alias a pedler, asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls.

"Six shillings, sir."

"In my dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence apace."

"Why don't you remain in your own dear country, then?"

"Case we have no sixpences, my jewel," said Pat.

LIBEL SUIT.—The case of the Commonwealth vs. J. Heron Foster, for an alleged libel on Judge Grier, was decided in the Quarter Sessions at Pittsburgh, on Saturday. The jury returned a verdict of guilty.

PAPER MILLS.—There are at this time upwards of six hundred paper mills in the United States in full operation, with a capital of sixteen million dollars, and giving maintenance to upwards of sixty thousand persons.

AN HONEST GOVERNOR.—Governor Ford, of Illinois, has written an interesting letter upon the subject of the Illinois State debt, in which he denounces repudiation in the strongest language, and recommends a prospective tax for the payment of the interest of the debt.

MONSTROUS.—A Nashville paper tells of a man in that city who snores so loud that he is obliged to sleep at a house in the next street to avoid waking himself. Oh!

COLLISION.—The steamboat Domain ran into the small steamboat Collier, on the Ohio river, near Wheeling, a few days since, which caused the Collier to sink in a very short time. One man was drowned.